

The Bourbon News.

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, - - - KENTUCKY.

PURSUING ONWARD.

I still pursue the path I trod—
An eager and aspiring youth
With upward longing after God,
And earnest seeking for the Truth.

Ah! that was long before I knew
How much from me the years would take,
How friends could ever prove untrue,
How hearts could bear, and still not break.

The past, the future—each a book
I may not pause and ponder o'er;
Into whose depths I dare not look
For joys to come, or gone before.

All that I would, I cannot know.
The "times and seasons" are God's own;
This mine to trust and onward go—
Onward, and He will make it known.

In patient toil, the present hour
Demands the best of mind and heart;
No sighs, no tears, by Faith's calm power,
I shall most bravely bear my part.

And climbing still the upward way
That I pursued in days of youth,
I'll find the summit, some sweet day,
And rest upon the mount of Truth.
—Rachel Q. Butts, in Chicago Standard.

Le Maitre's Model

By ADELAIDE H. WYETH

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DURAND stood with arms crossed on the low parapet watching the dancers on the green. His eyes wandered frequently to a young girl who shone midst her companions like a starry Venus sparkling above dull leaden clouds.

"The face of my dreams," murmured the artist. "What eyes! What a profile! But the expression must be altered. The eyes are too sparkling, the smile too joyous. Time will soon change that." He loitered up to the dancers and held up his hand for the fiddle which Pierre was rudely saving.

"Go, my friend, and take your place with the rest." With a few turns of the bow Durand brought forth bewitching strains that intoxicated his listeners. They whirled and laughed in delightful abandonment.

"Now you play for me," said Durand, at length, to Pierre.

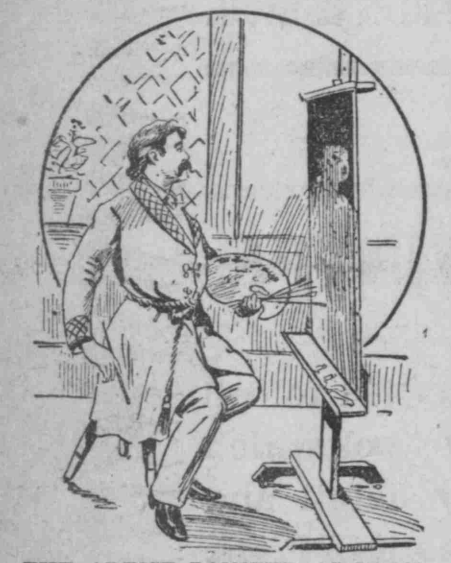
"Ah, do not stop!" cried the girl of the artist's dream. "Pierre's playing is like the creak of rusty wheels over rough stones, and yours is like the soft patter of the rail-bow fountain in the square."

"Will you dance with me if I play once more?" asked Durand, unheeding the scowls of the youth who sought special favor of the maiden.

"Carita! Is that what they call you, fair one?" whispered Durand, when he clasped the girl in his arms and whirled to Pierre's blundering music.

She smiled into his eyes with a gladness that would have dazzled anyone but an artist in search of his dream face.

It was but a step from the dance on the green to the sittings at the



THE ARTIST PAINTED AS IF INSPIRED.

studio. Carita's eyes grew brighter than ever in those happy days. She patiently sat day after day while the artist painted her mouth, her chin, her eyes, but never all together.

"Why do you paint me in bits, Maitre? Do you wish me broken in pieces always?"

"Not always, mon enfant. I am not yet ready to put the pieces together. I am waiting for a certain expression to come upon your face, little one, then I shall catch it and my fortune is made."

"When will it come, Maitre? Have you ever seen it?"

"Only in dreams, but it is coming. I see it dawning, surely." He looked intently into the girl's eyes, which had taken on a deep, wistful expression of late. To look into Carita's eyes was like quenching one's thirst at some delicious newly-born spring in the forest.

Her look wavered under the artist's gaze, and a sigh escaped the coral lips which now wore a smile more sad than joyous.

"Yes, the face I have longed for is almost ready for the canvas. It was a lucky star that took me to the green that night, Carita, dearest. But why do you look so sad, little one?"

"You will go away," she answered, "and I shall see you no more."

"But you will go back to the green and dance with Pierre and the rest as happy as ever."

"No, no; never!" she exclaimed. "I cannot go back."

"Then come with me, darling."

The look of joy that overspread her countenance pleased the artist.

He must restore the ideal Madonna face of his dream.

The short glimpse of paradise permitted Carita was followed by days of anxiety. Her beloved "Maitre," as she continued to call him, did not return one day to the little vine-covered cottage where he had concealed his precious model. She waited and waited in vain in the rose garden, while Durand from his secret studio watched the drooping figure in the midst of her roses and lilies. He studied the beautiful face with eager interest.

"Every day brings her nearer my ideal. Nowhere in the world of art is there another face like hers. It would stir the heart of stone. What depths of feeling in those eyes; what a faithful love her sweet drooping mouth reveals! But her profile—divinely beautiful! Thou hast not many days more to suffer, dear love. On the morrow I must catch the immortal expression which is to bring me the fame of an Angelo." Thus meditated the artist as he sat in his concealed studio and painted the face of the sorrowing woman in the garden.

On the morrow Durand waited long for the figure to appear on the bench among the roses. At last she came, in her white robe, and turned her beautiful face up to the sky. Mother of sorrow, what despair, what agony that face revealed!

The artist seized his brush and painted as if inspired.

"Tis well I delayed no longer, for a hair's breadth less of contour would have destroyed her beauty." His eyes were feverishly bright, his breath came in quick gasps. Already he tasted the supreme triumph of the artist in the work which brings him fame. After an hour's eager work he threw down his brush, crossed the room and stood viewing his painting with a satisfied smile.

"There, my saint, I have your sad sweet face on canvas and I shall no longer trouble your faithful, loving heart. I come to drive away despair!" A cry from the rose garden reached Durand. He rushed across the room and pushed aside the vines that hid the easement.

God in Heaven, what had happened! On the garden bench lay the lifeless form of Carita, with a knife thrust into her bosom.

Durand leaped from the window and knelt in anguish before his love. The ambition of the artist was lost in the unavailing cry of the human heart. The pictured face in the studio was forgotten by the man who bent in an agony of remorse over the dead one in the garden.

LIKE WALLACE ROMANCE.

This, However, Is Not Imaginative, But Of Real Occurrence—How He Reached A Lover.

Not all of Gen. Lew Wallace's romances are done on paper. Occasionally this dean of historical romances takes a hand in an affair of the heart in "real life," and manages it as successfully as if it were a creation of his imagination, says a writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Last winter Gen. Lew Wallace lived in the "Blachere," his handsome Indianapolis apartment building, which was erected entirely from the proceeds of "Ben Hur," the novel which made his fame.

After dinner Gen. Wallace had just settled himself to the enjoyment of a studious evening, when a servant announced that a young Armenian desired a short interview. He was at once admitted, for Gen. Wallace makes it a rule to see all foreign callers without exception. Then the young man stated his mission.

His brother, he said, was under the suspicion of the sultan's government, and has found it advisable to keep out of Turkish domains. But a desire to see his sweetheart had at length determined him to make the reckless experiment of going back to the Turkish capital. Therefore he had written to his brother in America, saying: "If you do not hear from me inside of 20 days, you will know that I have gone to Constantinople, and if you do not receive within 40 days a letter mailed from there, make up your mind that I have been thrown into prison, and be prepared to help get me out."

Gen. Wallace's caller then said that more than 40 days had passed and that he had received no word from the reckless young brother, and he added:

"I know that there is not a man in this country so high in the favor of the sultan as yourself, and so I have come to beg you to do what you can for my brother's liberation."

"All the world loves a lover," and Gen. Wallace is not an exception to this rule. He at once took a keen personal interest in the case. By cablegram correspondence with a prominent Turkish official, whose close friendship Gen. Wallace had enjoyed while United States minister to Turkey, he learned that the young man had been imprisoned on the charge of complicity in a dangerous revolutionary plot against the government, and that his probable fate was most unenviable. Then Gen. Wallace made epistolary appeals to a group of officials high in the councils of the sultan, and finally received notice that as a personal compliment to him, the prisoner would be released on condition that he at once take permanent leave of the country.

Immediately the novelist sent a liberal check, sufficient to pay the passage and other expenses of two persons traveling from Constantinople to Indianapolis, and directed the young Armenian to marry his sweetheart and start at once with her for America. This he did, and, if a display of human gratitude is compensation for an act of unselfish benevolence, Gen. Wallace was liberally rewarded for his efforts.

THE HERMIT OF CAPE MALEA.

Pathetic Story of an English Sea Captain Among Grecian Goatherds.

About 25 years ago there was a young sailor who by dint of hard work, integrity of character and firmness of will reached, at the age of 26, the summit of his ambition—becoming a master of what then would be called a good-sized steamship, some 900 tons register. Upon this accession to good fortune he married the girl of his choice, who had patiently waited for him since as boy and girl sweethearts they parted on his first going to sea. And with rare complacency his owners gave him the inestimable privilege of carrying his young bride to sea with him, writes F. T. Bullen, in London Spectator.

How happy he was! How deep and all-embracing his pride, as steaming down the grimy Thames he explained to the light of his eyes all the wonders that she was now witnessing for the first time, but which he had made familiar to her mind by his oft-repeated sea stories during the few bright days between voyages that it had been able to develop to courtship. The ship was bound to several Mediterranean ports, the time being late autumn, and consequently the most ideal season for a honeymoon that could possibly be imagined. Cadiz, Genoa, Naples, Venice, a delightful tour with not one weary moment wherein to wish for something else. Even a flying visit to old Rome from Naples had been possible, for the two officers, rejoicing in their happy young skipper's joy, saw to it that no unnecessary cares should trouble him, and bore willing testimony in order that he should get as much delight out of those halcyon days as possible, that the entire crew were as docile as could be wished, devoted to their bright commander and his beautiful wife. Then at Venice came orders to proceed to Galatz and load wheat for home. Great was the glee of the girl-wife. She would see Constantinople and the Danube. Life would hardly be long enough to recount all the wonders of this most wonderful of wedding trips. And they sailed, with hearts overbrimming with joy as the blue sky above them seemed welling over with sunlight.

Wind and weather favored them, nothing occurred to cast a shadow over their happiness until nearing Cape Malea at that fatal hour of the morning, just before the dawn, when more collisions occur than at any other time, they were run into by a blundering Greek steamer coming the other way and cut down amidships to the water's edge. To their peaceful sleep or quiet appreciation of the night's silvery splendor succeeded the overwhelming flood, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, the suffocating embrace of death. In that dread fight for life all perished but one, he so lately the happiest of men, the skipper. Instinctively clinging to a fragment of wreckage, he had been washed ashore under Cape Malea at the ebbing of the scanty tide, and his strong physique reasserting itself enabled him to reach the plateau. Here he was found gazing seaward by some boat-herds, who, in search of their nimble-footed flocks, had wandered down the precipitous side of the mountain. They endeavored to persuade him to come with them back to the world, but in vain. He would live, gratefully accepting some of their poor provision, but from that watching place he would not go. And those rude peasants, understanding something of his depth of woe, sympathized with him so deeply that without payment, or hope of any, they helped him to build his hut and kept him supplied with such poor morsels of food and drink as sufficed for his stunted needs.

And there, with his gaze fixed during all his waking hours upon that inscrutable depth wherein all his bright hopes had suddenly been quenched, he lived until quite recent years, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," a living monument of constancy and patient, uncomplaining grief. By his humble friends, whose language he never learned, he was regarded as a saint, and when one day they came upon his lifeless body fallen forward upon his knees at the little unglazed window through which he was wont to look out upon the sea where his dear one lay, they felt confirmed in their opinion of the sanctity of the hermit of Cape Malea.

Titles in Matrimonial Market. The money value of a title in other than a matrimonial market is illustrated by the policy of an old established manufacturing business in this city which sells its products all over Europe. The present manager, like his father, is very democratic, but for business reasons he continues the policy established by his father. No agents are employed except men with titles. This is easily arranged in Germany and France and Russia, but it sometimes causes inconvenience in England. A titled agent on the continent, no matter how poor he may be, can usually get a hearing in a business house easier than a man without a title. No bogus titles are allowed, and the company's list of foreign agents reads like a court circular.—N. Y. Sun.

Too Much Duplicity. "She asked him to dinner in order to make him believe she could cook."

"Yes."

"And she expected him to think that the cherry pie she served him was of her own manufacture."

"Well?"

"It happened that he was in the bakery when her little brother bought it—and the prospective engagement is all off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Consolation." Whenever a man gets hurt, "consoling" friends gather to relate how at one time they were hurt worse than he.—Aitchison Globe.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Nothing to Be Proud Of.—Mrs. Norris—"I didn't say that! You don't understand me!" Mr. Norris—"I may not be brilliant, my dear, but I have ears." Mrs. Norris—"So has any other donkey."—Town Topics.

Sophie—"And how do you know Fred likes you?" Bertha—"Easy enough. I took occasion to say a few words in praise of his friend, Tom Sanders, and Fred actually showed temper."—Boston Transcript.

The average unmarried girl who has been dreaming of a "cozy little home of her own," thinks that the responsibilities of housekeeping consist of buying out glass and having a woman come to sweep out on Fridays.—Aitchison Globe.

Marr—"My, how well you look, old chap! How do you manage it?" Brown—"Sh! Don't give it away. I send my family away in the country for two months, and when they return I go away for another month. Three months of perfect peace, my boy."—Chelsea Gazette.

Advice from Way Up.—"Understand me," said the balloon to the parachute, "I wouldn't for the world encourage drinking habits in the young and innocent, but at the same time I don't think a drop would hurt you in the least." Whereupon the parachute dropped.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Antek—"She's very rude. She told me yesterday that I was a homesick old thing." Miss Goodart—"Yes, I heard her, and I took her to task for it afterward." Miss Antek—"Did you, really?" Miss Goodart—"Yes; I told her she should think how sensitive you must be about it."—Philadelphia Press.

PICK UP USEFUL TRICKS.

Animals Learn to Do Many Things That Serve Their Purposes in Life.

"Animals show great aptitude in learning things that are of peculiar interest to them in the struggle for existence," said a gentleman from one of the near-by parishes, reports the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "and I have been very much amused at times at the little things they do in an effort to comfort themselves and make life's burden as light as possible. They are very astute at times. We have an old bay horse which is an expert when it comes to slipping the bridle, and even since we have discovered his peculiar trick it is almost impossible to keep him hitched on account of the proficiency he has acquired by long practice. He is one of the best-natured horses I ever saw, and it is the easiest thing in the world to catch him. Really, he will meet you half way in the pasture if he believes you are coming after him. He probably does this because he delights in slipping the bridle and getting away from you and probably causing you to walk several miles after sunset. For a long time I could not understand the ease with which he would slip his bridle and get away."

"I was always extremely careful about the throat latch, and would buckle it up so tight it would seem almost cruelty to animals to force it any further. In spite of this precaution, in a short while after the horse was hitched he would slip the bridle leave it dangling from the post and gallop playfully down the road. Frequently I would have to walk miles in order to get back home. I finally concluded to make a closer study of the fellow in order to find out just how it was he could slip his head through a throat latch that had been buckled so tightly under his neck. I learned how it was. He had a way of swelling the muscles of his throat and neck until there was probably a difference of several inches at the point where the throat latch circles his neck near the head. He would keep his throat in this abnormal condition until he was hitched and the rider was out of sight. Then he would relax the muscles, rub his head against the post until the top of the bridle slipped over his ears, and then, because of the laxity of the throat latch it would be an easy matter for him to pull his head through the frame of the bridle and skip out."

"In spite of the discovery the old bay still slips the bridle and I suppose he always will. He seems to enjoy it more than anything else in the world, and I never punish him for it now, as this is really the only fault he has. But it is very trying to a fellow's patience when a fellow is forced to splash through the mud for several miles, and after dark, at that."

The Best Honey.

The "tree of a thousand uses," as the lime has been called, was formerly planted in England much more than it is to-day. The little row of pollard limes in front of the old farmhouse or the substantial thatched cottage is still a familiar sight of unspoiled south country villages.

Preoccupation.

"Why do you speak so slightly of that eminent scientist?" "I didn't mean to speak slightly of him," answered the young man with the striped shirt front. "But it does seem peculiar to me that a man who knows just when the next comet will arrive and just how far it is to the moon should be so utterly ignorant when it comes to a question of when it's time for dinner or what train to take to get to the nearest town."—Boston Traveler.

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At Lexington	11:45am	6:15pm
At Winchester	12:00pm	6:30pm
At Mt. Sterling	12:15pm	6:45pm
At Philadelphia	12:30pm	7:00pm
At New York	12:45pm	7:15pm
WEST BOUND.		
At Winchester	7:15am	2:45pm
At Lexington	7:30am	3:00pm
At Philadelphia	7:45am	3:15pm
At Mt. Sterling	8:00am	3:30pm
At Winchester	8:15am	3:45pm
At Lexington	8:30am	4:00pm
At Louisville	8:45am	4:15pm

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